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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1896.

UNCLE SAM SETTLES THE SUCCESSION WITH THE BALL AND

There wasn't any doubt that it hit

plained McKinley, as he pointed out a cer-

the left car by the Reed thunderbolt.

audible from Penobscot to Chinatown, as he gayly tossed a brand new, glistening meteor into the yellow dust of the diamond at Washington National Batl Park.



of human potentates, was the umpire of the game. He had also in these latter days of the decay of the republic become what a sorous man might describe as the "fan' on sincle itself.

But this is all several imings ahead this most veracious chronicle of how Bill McKinley & Co. won the bouse and not on one very hot day in the rear end of the nineteenth century. Uncle Sam, in fact, and not call the game until amouth or more after Chauncey Depew got back from the Pacific coast, where he had gone to make arrangements for the national excursion to Washington to see the American Olympic

got together, some in St. Letts and some in Chicago, and politics was growing botter than either place every day. It was just the kind of political and other weather for the man with the pitchfork and the bifur-

thing should keep up in this weather, com-muned Sam with himself, there is a chance that the Cuban Cortes will acknowledge both sides as beligerents and give Spam a chance to interfere with our internal af-

Convention Called off and Both Parties Summoned to do Battle on the Diamond—Democratic Candidates go into Training at the White House—Mr. Carlisle's Experiences in the Classroom.

the mansion were to the effect that the President would be the star batter of the resident would be the star batter of the time. In order to make Mr. Carlisle perfectly safe while at practice, he was nominated as pitcher and cleeted at the second meeting of the Cabinet and Mr. Hill and others, who will be found in the line-up at the bench. It was also noticed that when ever Mr. Hill had the stick in his hands Mr. and left the room.

Cleveland left the room.

It was generally understood that Mr. Reed would be the pitcher for the G. O. P. nine, and that Mr. McKinley would be catcher. The latter had caught nearly everything in sight before the game, and they came logically to the conclusion that he would keep it up on the diamond.

It was also argued that as Mr. Cleveland had caught Mr. Carlisie's bat in the right place, or about the right place, or about the right place, in the probolax, so it was with one

gather in his parobolas, so it was with one voice determined that Mr. Cleveland would do the act behind the bat. As to the other dispositions, it was resolved to wait and see what would develop on the G.O. P. side before making any further announcements.

before making any further announcements. There was a good deal of speculation as to the names to be finally adopted by the great national ball tossers. Mr. Reed had spoken of the opposition as the "Calinct Paddia Club," and this found great ravor with the small boys at the park. It was Horizontal Bill, of the other side, who suggested the name of the "Robber Barcus"—not new at all; but the "Elephanas" was bookened thereft, O. P. "was bearing." Sustaington to see the American Olympic ous —not new at all, but the "Erephants Seesiles, It was like this: A lot of gentlemen had not together, some in St. Leafs and some in Chicago, and poblics was growing hotter than either place every day. It was just han either place every day. It was just usual; so "Robber Barons" went as the haptismal handle of the Republican aggrega-

Uncle Sam couldn't sleep. The atmos-place was cracked with the old and new door and back-yard campaign was over, lies of the campaign statistician. If this The Puddin' Club had selected blue shirts,

white Knickerbockers and yellow caps.
The Barons were in black, dense, opaque, glossy black, from head to foot.
There never was such an assemblage at the park as greeted the national game with national celebrities in the points. It was a great to the park of the points of the points of the points of the points.

ball, Mr. Olney being the catcher on that occasion.

In the meanwhile the press reports from the mansion were to the effect that the was to ladic out the oat-meal gruel, was

long ago buried out of sight. Mr. Hauna was in high feather with his flag, and over on the right there was a knot of gentlemen, who were either counting the gate money, or making books on the result, under the provisions of the racing commission bill.

Mr. Thurber was in an altercation with Mr. Platt.

insisted Mr. Platt, with a supercilious gentleman

r. Thurber.
"How much?"
"Fifty thousand dollars."
"Make it \$500,000 and I'll consider it."

said Mr. Platt, quietly.
"Haven't got that much with me," said
Mr. Thurber, reddening, but was sorry
be didn't have it—at least that's what he

Well, what have you fellows been doing, anyhow, in the last four years? Try Carlisle,"

"Here, Carlisle," said Thurber, "got any money with you?" "No, but I can make it d-d quick." said

"No, but I can make it d-u quick, sand Mr. Carbisle, in that easy Pierpont-Morgan-Kentucky style of his.

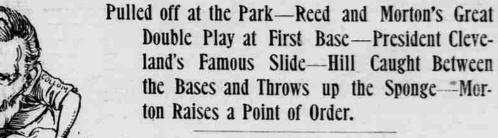
"It's a go," said Mr. Thurber.

Just then there were shouts of "He's a Democrat in white breeches and a yellow cap," and all that sort of thing, as Mr. Hill, but in hand, faced Mr. Reed.

A United Styles Senator has no divine

Hill, but in hand, faced Mr. Reed.

A United States Senator has no divine right or franchise when he goes in for basefull in bloomers. Therefore he was not much shocked when his cars were assailed with "Line her out, Dave?" "Hit her on the nozzle!" and other such linguistic idiosyncracles of the game. But goes light, Dave merely winted at the felconfident Dave merely winked at the feilows on the bench, as much as to say:
"Watch it when I go up against it."
There were a great many irrelevant re-



"Keep back! Keep back!" yelled a brother policeman from the roof of the grand stand. If yez be hit, ye'll be sthruck hard."

sthruck hard."

By this time the alley behind the batter got a little wider, and the next hall went whitzing down the corridor and hit the fence, after which it was neatly pulled in

by the expert catcher.

"One bail!" shouted the umpire.

"What? Rotten! Rotten! Give'm de game! Throw up de bail!" were fired at the deaf umpire. This was from the partisans of the narrons.

But M. Hill baile?

But Mr. Hill hadn't watched baseball in New York and Washington for nothing. The very next meteorite-that came along he stretched out his stick deftly and touched the ball lightly on the billion dollar trademark. It was a huge success in one respect, but it rotied the wrong way—the way in which the young man lifted his grandmother from the floor. Mr. Hill's bant rolled to the right. The people went wild over the finesse and Mr. Hill went wild over the fail. He caught up with it and mounted it. He tried to ride it. It backed like a broncho, mull at lest he went down in the dust all over it. It was a good touchdown, but it was painful, as anyone could see who observes the settled expression on the Senator's face. But Mr. Hill hadn't watched baseball in tled expression on the Senator's face. There was a misunderstanding as to what should be done, until Mr. Olney ran in and roused Mr. Hill over on the other side and touched him with the boll.

Mr. Morion said that he would have done It limself, but that his instructions were to "bold first base," and, besides that, a man, except on a fly, can only be put out "while running the bases," and that Mr. Hill was lying down. He was therefore clearly not within the rule. The ampire sustained Mr.

Morton.

Mr. Hill said, en passant to the bench, that he never yet was in the company of politicians but what he was touched for something or other. The light had gone out of his life. out of his life.

The puddin' club next put up Mr. Whit-

ncy. He was a trifle persons, but he was

Rules of

tice to the public.

the Game.

The management reserves the right to change the rules without no-

with the pivot foot so designated. Rule 29, which says that "He, the pitche

pitcher in the box forever.

is incontestable.

The ground must be an inclosed field, sufficient in size to enable each player to play in his polition as required by these rules. No game must be declared if five innings shall not have been played, and the game is called on account of darkness. Exception-This does not apply where the umpire is doubtful as to when or what to call the game. Ξ_{LM} All players must appear in uniform, and

delivering the ball." is hereby entirely abro-

Earned runs shall be paid for on presenta

tion of bill, with proof of the consideration, All runners shall be forwarded by base hits (page 82), on surgeon's certificate of disa-Block balls may be used instead of

de d ba is, where the proof of death

In cases of lost ball play it just like

with a sang froid that blanched Mr. White

"Keep them down, Mr. Pitcher; keep them down, "said the ampire; "and, besides, remember you are playing baseball. You're not supposed to be shooting pigrons out of

a rotary trap. That New England style don't go in the histrict. One ball."

This was about the only deliverance of the umpire that was not disputed by one sale or the other.

Mr. Morton handled himself with a perfect topological of the other.

Mr. Morton handled himself with a perfect knowledge of the game. He walked over from first to the plicher's box and handed Mr. Reed the ball to discount all mishaps in transitu. This annoyed the ex-Secretary of the Navy exceedingly, and especially as he distinctly "saw" Mr. Morton say something to Mr. Reed. He believes to this day that Mr. Morton said, "Kill him." To heighten this impression, Mr. Reed shot another acrolite at Mr. Whitney which sizzled past the back of the batter's head, just brushing his hair, as it were.

"Keep 'em down, Tom; keep 'em down," shouted Charkson from the left coacher's

next time he let her go he struck Mr. Whit-ney in the middle of the back. He was asof over to the beach, and after a short consultation Mr. Hill trotted down to first

consultation Mr. Hill trotted down to first base. It had been agreed that Mr. Hill's record as a runner was several lengths aheat of anything on the bench.

Then there was a repetition of the "heli that breaks loose in Georgia" when anybody runs for or against anybody else in primary election. Partison and Stevenson got on the coacier's lines, and were distinctly audible at the White House.

Platt was in an intense state of excitement. He had bet \$560,000 that the C. P. C. wouldn't make a run. Thurberlook

ment. He had bet soudden Thurber look P. C. wouldn't make a run. Thurber look ed jubilant. He knew something that Platt

ed jubilant. He knew something that Platt had not known, and which everybody knew, when the glorious form of the Chief Miglistrate stepped up to the plate with the third-term hat in his hand.

In fact, he held it in both hands, with his right index finger on the trigger. For the thousand boys at the anger holes, in the treex, on the shed and on the fences, the air was full of—nothing but ducks. But the President was calm, although his face was pale. It was a condition that confronted him and not a theory. him and not a theory. Destiny told him there was only one

chance for the rain, and fate had put find one base ahea tof him. He was thinking of this only while the profine masses were shouting "Casey!" "Casey!" "Come from behind that blind!" "Look out for Hall's skates!" "Give 'em both barrels!" and stindry other irrelevancies. While this was going on Hill was nachey-

down the chute, he shift has eyes and struck through the air on a level with his garters. He was sure that the hall would fly over McKinley's head. But you can't tell, Reed had accidentally evolved a down-shoot and the President's but met it hair way. It was a pop fly. It passed just over



the tips of Reed's fingers as he vaulted in the air and come down on his back, but he held up his hands, clinched together.

a rolling gallop, and Hill was half way to second. Reed rose to the emergency and made a feint to throw the ball to second. Hill paused, and immediately there went up a tremendous chorus of "Slide! Slide!

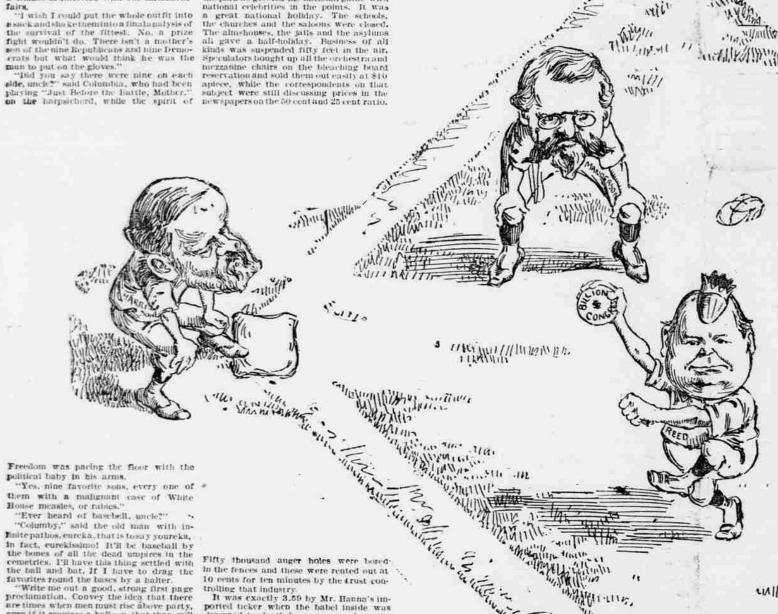
Slidel you slob!"
Fortunately the President took this all to himself, and he pitched forward twenty feet from first into the dust. Morton ran up to him on general principles, having nothing else to do, and put his hand on his shoulder. He then suchezed back to first base, while Quay, Alger, and the rest sat down on or near second-Hill walked home, and the President was escorted back bodily to the beach by a

The second half of the first liming was, as it were, the fifth act in the tragetly of the C. P. C. Mr. Carlisle stalked sufferly to the pitcher's box. Mr. Olney was put in to eatch, as the President was hors de combat, and failed to connect with that end of the battery.

McKinley walked up to the new tin plate,

hat its hand, other started in to catch right up against the McKinley but. There was a long pause. "Play bull" thousered the ampire. "Can't play without a bull," remarked Mr. Carliale in his accustomed sententions style, when dealing with doubtful ques-

Here they was a porley. Morion was alleged to have had "it" last, when he touched Mr. Cleveland.



Freedom was pacing the floor with the

political baby in his arms.
"Yes, nine favorite sons, every one of them with a malignant case of White se measles, or rables.

"Ever heard of basebell, uncle" "Columby," said the old man with in-Finite pathos, enreka, that is to say your eka. in fact, curekissimo! It'll be baseball by the bones of all the dead unpires in the cemetries. I'll have this thing settled with the ball and bat, If I have to drag the favorites round the bases by a halter

"Write me out a good, strong first page proclamation. Convey the idea that there are times when men must rise above party, even if it requires a balloon, that they will have one whole day to rise in, and a week's practice; that I will be ampire and that the ratemoney will be sent West as a missionary

—:o:— When this manifesto had gone abroad in the land there was a great change in the domestic economy of eighteen of the great-

est men of their age and size this country has ever produced.

Mr. Carlisle, as was expected, who had retired from political life for six weeks, bought more chips and went back into the game. Mr. Quay and Mr. Platt went out regularly before and after meals into the

plaza of the Ponce de Leon and practiced with the ball and bat. Up at the White House there were Cab-inet days six or seven times a week, and from the news that filtered through the bole in the front door, it was learned that the President was doing fairly well after the first day's exercise. He had been suffer-ing from an acute attack of pain below the belt, which was caused by Mr. Carlisle bilting him with the bat, which he let go as soon as the President delivered the first

drowned to death by an uproar from the outside. Everybody knew at once what it was. "The busses," the busses," and here they come, arose in one engulfing wave of human clamor. And so it was, Major Moore at the head of a double platoon of police, the Commissioners next and then Dooley's Brass Band filed in.
Then came Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisie
and then the others; all sights fit for the
gods of the blenchers, in their rainbow
uniforms. The sky was rent, but when the men in black pranced in, the rent was raised, and metaphorically and middy, things broke loose.

In the next moment the Barons began to disperse themselves over the field. When

Tom Reed got as far as the pitcher's hox he turned himself about and assumed the position in which he has been caught—that of Ajax defying the lightning. "Dat's de head rubber baron" shouted a small boy from the roof of the grand stand and the phrase went.

Where was McKinley? Was he a largery to the standard the phrase went.

Where was Mckinley? Was he a laggard?

marks made about his nobby yellow cap. his pants, his immacutate blue shirt, his thews, bones, and general anatomy, but he was cold, calm, and impassive.

In changing his position he stood astride of the plate, and then there were cries of "Get off the platform," "There's the New

Dave is, however, quite an expert. Just as soon as Pitcher Reed let her go and unwound himself like a spiral spring Dave

"One strikel" yelled Uncle Sam. "Rotten, rotten!" came through the 50,000 auger holes in the fences, "Dead

rotten! Take it out and bury it!"

Marie game. He stooped down in a nonehalant, familiar way to brush the dust off the bome plate with his cap. But when he glanced at the cap and again at the dirt replaced the cap on his head. It was a silk cap, embroidered by the ladies of the

Whosoever Society of New York city. He therefore kicked the dust off and said, quite au fait; "Gimme a low ball."

Mr. Reed looked around, and, noting that ney, talked to himself and got back into ition, firing as he recoiled. Mr. Morton took it in out of the wet at first base the ball from second. Nobody knew how it got to second, but Hill made a magnificent slide and got on wood. Whitney, with the bruised back, got on the first base line and was shouting to Hill to "play off," when the "empire" was appealed to by the boys on the fence, "Too many coachers," "dor,", erowd the monkey," and "give him a run for his money" were fired at the imperturbable unpire, who was attending strictly to busi-ness.

One strike!" cried the ampire, as the ball

"Didn't see it," remarked Casey, blandiy.
"Weren't looking," chipped in Mr. Quay,
from a great distance.
It was

Then the second ball came along. It was on the dead level, and a daisy. The Presi-dent humped himself, got up on one leg, and let drive at it. It hit the fence and Mr. Thurber turned pale.

Catcher McKinley moved up. The crowd

sitting down stood up. Right field, left field and shortstop ran in to second base. Har-rison moved over from third to short. These new tactics demoralized Hill. He froze to first base. It was a moment of intense ex-citement.

Reed was performing the Koutchee-Koutchee with himself, and McKinley was doing the Charlotte Corday act behind the rat-trap. Cleveland sized up Reed for an over-bead trolley delivery and when the ball came

"Never touched him at all," explained Mr. Morton; never had it to touch him Mr. Thurber looked at Mr. Cleveland and

Mr. Hill looked away over at the bleaching Had Mr. Reed the missing ball? No; he

never touched it; nor had Mr. Alger, hor Mr. Quay, nor any o fine Robber Barons, "What did Mr. Reed filing to second then?" inquired Mr. Hill, us If settling at a "I only wanted," said Mr. Road, whice

crowd to get together to head off New York; and it appears they did it." firsthaif. It was finally found, resting very

innocently, midway between the pitcher's box and second base. It was understood that Mr. Reed had recovered it, possed it to second, and than Morton took it in at first, making a double

play. But that was a campaign lie. The second half of the lirst inning of this game hated for forty years. On the the second inning, on account of the dark-

ness. It is said by those who watched the game for a half century or more, that whenever there was a contest the Birons were always at the bat. This occurred every four years, and hence Uncle Sam christened his scieme the American Olympic. It has never been explained why Mr. Hall and not go back to first base when the mighty Julius fell. It is said, on fairly good authority, that he never played again. He said that when any party could make a double play without a buil he was willing to retire for life as Mr. Carolina.

ire for life, as Mr. Cleveland was out

